



## ALBERT AND ELIZA.

## A TALE.

[The public are assured that the principle incidents in the following story are literally true. They were transacted more than one hundred years ago, and have never before appeared in print.]

IN the early settlement of North America, the only son of a gentleman on Long-Island devoted his addresses to a young lady of his neighborhood; and as no unpropitious impediment opposed their union, the marriage day was appointed under the most flattering auspices. Previous, however, to the consummation of that event, the father of the young man received advice from England, his native place, that by the death of one of his predecessors he became the rightful heir to a considerable inheritance, and that he himself, or some immediate branch of this family should appear to substantiate the claim. As the old gentleman was considerably advanced in age, and his health in decay, it was concluded to send his son, whose name was Albert, and that his marriage should be suspended until his return. This was a heavy stroke to the young lovers, but as the circumstance was indispensable, they submitted to the decision, and Albert immediately prepared for his voyage, expecting to return in about one year. The parting scene was of the most tender nature; but with the greatest confidence in each other's fidelity, they looked forward to the time when they should, happily, again meet, and all past sorrows be lost in days of uninterrupted felicity.

Albert took his departure for England, and Eliza (the name of the lady) from Montauk-Point, pursued the ship with her eyes, until it mingled with the blue glimmer of distance, and, lessening gradually receded, first the hulk, then the sails, till at last the whole was totally lost beneath the convexity of the billowy main. She stood a long time anxiously gazing at the place where the ship disappeared, and at length pensively returned to her father's house.

Eliza was a girl whose feelings were alive to all the refinements of sensibility. In her present situation, therefore, melancholy superseded her high-wrought expectations of happiness, which manifested itself in gloomy manners and rigid seclusion. She would frequently wander along the shores of Montauk, and from its extremest point, would rivet her eyes to that distant part of the ocean where the ship which bore her Albert away was lost to her view. Her fancy presented innumerable barriers to the completion of her hopes. Perhaps the ship in which Albert sailed was already buried in the waves. Perhaps the fatigues of the sea, or some deleterious fever had forever closed the eyes of him she loved. Or, perhaps, absence and the charms of some transatlantic beauty might dis sever his attachment from the maid of his vows, and bind them to more advantageous prospects. These reflections tended to sink her still deeper in dejection. Her health became impaired, and her friends, after vainly attempting to arouse her attention to visible and cheerful objects, resolved to send her to reside awhile at New-York, with her father's brother, hoping that change of situation might produce a change of ideas, and she again be induced to realize the

blessings of society. To this arrangement she consented, more out complaisance to the solicitations of her friends, than from her own choice.

At New-York, objects widely different from any which Eliza had before experienced, presented themselves, which, in some measure, awoke her from the stupor of thought. She had never, before, seen the gay and busy world. So sudden a removal from the scenes of rural simplicity, to the theatre of active and brilliant life, could not fail to illuminate the dark mists of sadness, which, by degrees, gave place to more lucid ideas.

There were no stage-representations in New-York, at this early period; but there were fashionable amusements and polite company. To these was Eliza frequently introduced, and every effort was made, by her new acquaintance, to render her situation pleasing and interesting. Her uncle was one of the settlers who came over from England with a splendid fortune, and classed with the first characters in the city; consequently the best company resorted to his house. He had a daughter of about the same age with Eliza, and a son somewhat older. Nothing was wanting, on their part, to promote the happiness of their friend, and by all the visitors she was held in the highest consideration. Her bosom felt the pleasing powers of social reciprocity, and the discordant thrill of anguish more feebly vibrated the chords of affection. While she wandered along the margin of the river, and beheld the distant approaching sails, as they dimly appeared to rise out of the farthest verge of the ocean, she breathed a sigh to the remembrance of former joys, fondly anticipated a speedy return of those happy hours which would, effectually, obliterate every vestige of former care and anxiety, and became tranquil.

Among those who visited at the house of Eliza's uncle, was a young gentleman of the name of Blake, who was nephew to the Governor of the province. Pleased with the manners and appearance of Eliza, he frequently attended her in public, and sometimes in company, only, of her cousins. He experienced, or fancied he experienced, greater happiness in her presence, than he could any where else enjoy, and he became a more constant visitor to the family.

Blake was considerably older than Eliza. He had seen some gay days in England, which place he had left soon after the death of his father, by whose will he became possessed of an ample fortune, and came over to America with his kinsman on his appointment to the supreme magistracy of the colony. He was a youth of fashionable taste, of easy address, engaging manners, and of an agreeable appearance. He was one of those characters who are distinguished by the appellation of a Lady's man. He had no idea of forming any serious connection with Eliza; but he esteemed her innocent gaiety, admired her beauty, and was charmed with those indescribable graces which are ever the attendants of symmetry of form, sincerity of mind, and a vivacious, uncontaminated simplicity of manners. Eliza received his addresses as he designed them. She suffered him to attend her because she was willing to be attended by some person of distinction whenever she appeared in public; and to visit her on account of the respect with

which he was treated, both in her uncle's family, and by all with whom he was acquainted. Balls were the principle amusements, and at these he was with few exceptions her partner. Her being ushered into notice by so conspicuous a character as Blake, gave her general eclat among the gentlemen, and caused her to become an object of envy to some of the ladies. It would be vanity to say that such flattering attention did not, in some degree, elate the heart of Eliza, for what bosom is there which is totally insusceptible to the fascinating powers of adulation!

Blake had been particular to a Miss Smith, a lady of distinction in the city, who now became neglected, and consequently piqued, by his attendance on Eliza. She considered her as a rival, and of course became her enemy. Of this, however, both her pride and her interest prevented her from making an avowal. She put on the appearance of the sincerest friendship to Eliza, and assiduously participated in her most retired intimacies.

The fame of Eliza had also raised up a serious rival to Blake. A Mr. Palmer, a man of gallantry, obsequiously bowed to her charms, and ardently strove to ingratiate himself into her favor. Blake and he seldom met, unless in public, but Palmer sought every opportunity, in the absence of his competitor, to engage her attention, and if possible, diminish the preference and esteem which he supposed she entertained for Blake: this stimulated the latter to a more vigilant perseverance; his visits to Eliza became more frequent, and his attention more sedulous.

He waited on her one evening to offer himself as her partner at an approaching ball, and found, to his extreme vexation, that her hand had been previously engaged to Mr. Palmer. He did not remonstrate; this would have been improper; besides, he could claim no privilege so to do. He soon took leave and withdrew, in chagrin and disappointment.

At the assembly Blake danced with Miss Smith, but his spirits were sunk, and his natural vivacity depressed. On this he was rallied, and he complained of indisposition. Miss Smith and Palmer well knew what antidote would have removed the malady.

The next day he seriously consulted his situation. He found himself under the control of an unconquerable passion; a passion which, like the electric fluid, finds no restraint but in the object of its attraction, or in its own dissolution. What was to be done? Was not she who had raised this tempest in his bosom worthy of honorable proposals? Was it not probable she would accept them if made in an honorable way?—Blake knew nothing of Albert, or of her being under any prior engagements. But were there no other barriers to a union with Eliza? There were, and serious ones too—Barriers which none except himself and one other person were acquainted with, on this side the Atlantic. Were these impediments insurmountable? Could they not be removed? No plan which had hitherto presented itself, appeared of sufficient validity to enable him to surmount the obstacle.

Under the pressure of these reflections, he wan-



dered, when evening came, along the banks of the Hudson, above the city, where the elms and the willows, on the verge of the river, cast a dun, umbrageous shade. The sun was retiring behind the blue western hills, while the brazen summits of the steeped fane, alone, held the last gleam of his reluctant ray. "The breeze's rustling wing was in the tree," and the faintly murmuring wave dashed in melancholy cadence upon the pebbly shore. Twilight gathered around, when he heard voices and footsteps approaching. They came on—it was Eliza and her cousins, who were returning from participating the beauties of nature in an evening walk. He joined them, and the gloom which hovered about his mind was, in some measure dissipated.

As they moved slowly on towards home, the company walked on, and Eliza and Blake were left together. She observed that an unusual pensiveness hung about him, and gaily enquired the occasion. This presented a fair opportunity for an éclaircissement. The before-mentioned obstacles rushed across his mind, but Eliza was present, and the consequences vanished. He, therefore, freely disclosed his situation, as it respected her; told her that in attending to her from complaisance, his happiness had become seriously interested. That on her determination all his future prospects rested; and that if her feelings did not forbid a reciprocal return of affection, he stood ready to proffer her his hand and his heart.

Had a peal of thunder burst, in sheeted flame, from the heavens, it would not have shocked Eliza more than did this solemn declaration. She had never considered any attention which she had received from the gentleman, other than the officious, refined politeness, which is common to the superior walks of life. She had esteemed Blake as her friend, but never thought of him as a suitor; and although she was pleased with him as an obsequious gallant, yet when set in comparison with Albert, whose likeness still glowed upon her heart in as lively colors as ever, he sunk into deformity. She wished not to realize the idea that any person except Albert should entertain, for her, a more exalted sentiment, than that of friendship and esteem. To the professions of Blake, therefore, she could make no answer, which, had she attempted, her sensations would have choked her utterance. She hastily withdrew her hand, which he made but a feeble effort to detain, quickened her step and soon overtook the company. Blake attended her to her uncle's door; as he withdrew, he whispered her, "am I to have no answer?" She hesitated, and then with vehemence replied, "Sir, it is impossible," and immediately retired to her chamber.

[To be continued.]

#### "THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS."

IN the infancy of printing, John Fust, or Faustus, a citizen of Mentz, and one of the earliest printers, had the policy to conceal his art; and to this policy we are indebted for the tradition of "The Devil and Dr. Faustus" handed down to the present times. Fust, in partnership with Peter Schoeffer, having, in 1462, printed off a considerable number of copies of the bible to imitate those which were commonly sold in manuscript, undertook the sale of them at Paris, where the art of printing was then unknown. At first he sold his copies for so high a sum as 500 or 600 crowns, the prices usually demanded by the scribes. He afterwards lowered his price to 60 crowns, which created universal astonishment; but when he produced copies as they were wanted, and lowered the price to thirty crowns, all Paris was agitated. The uniformity of the copies increased the wonder; information was given into the police against him as a magician; his lodgings were searched; and a great number of copies being found, they were seized; the red ink with which they were embellished, was said to be his blood; it was seriously adjudged that he was in league with the devil; and if he had not fled, most probably he would have shared the fate of those whom ignorant and superstitious judges condemned in these days for witchcraft.

#### OBSERVATION.

THERE are some women, who have an artificial dignity, confined to the movement of the eyes, the air of the head, and the style of walking, which extends no farther; a dazzling mind which imposes, but which we cannot esteem, as it is not profound. There are also some, who possess a dignified simplicity, the gift of nature; independent of gesture or step, and yet giving grace to every look and motion; this has its source in the heart, is a proof of high birth, indicates solid merit, is accompanied by a thousand virtues, which cannot be concealed, and which forcibly strike every beholder, though veiled by excessive modesty.

#### THE ORPHAN.

DOWN by the murmurings of a lonely rill,  
Where the mild doves their notes melodious trill,  
Where none but woe-worn wretches ever rove,  
T' indulge their gloom, or sigh their hapless love,  
I lately rove'd, to banish care and pains,  
And hear the night-dove's gloomy, plaintive strains.  
—But strains more plaintive than the dove can raise,  
Accents more melting than a Petrarch's lays,  
Caught on my ear, my fix'd attention drew—  
Silent I stood, but 'scap'd the mourner's view:—  
Her flowing tears, her wild disorder'd hair,  
Spoke her the wretched victim of despair.  
"Why," she exclaim'd, "was I thus born to mourn?"  
"Why were my parents early from me torn?"  
"No brother lives to rear my tender mind,  
"Correct my faults in language soft and kind;  
"No friend appears to cheer ELIZA's heart,  
"No near connection takes the orphan's part;  
"But spare no pains to filch from me my due,  
"The humble portion that my parents knew:—  
"Spurn'd from those doors where I might hope to find  
"A second parent, tender, faithful, kind;  
"A wretched exile from my native home,  
"In a strange land neglected I must roam.  
"Here no kind friend will take ELIZA's hand,  
"And say, "I'll be your parent, brother, friend;"  
"But cast the frown of vile contempt and scorn,—  
"For what, O heavenly Father! was I born!  
"Expos'd to injury, contumely, wrong,  
"Do not, kind Heaven! my painful life prolong!  
"Some brutal monster in the human form,  
"May soon deprive me of my only charm—  
"My all—my innocence may yet alluage  
"Some savage monster's fell, inhuman rage—  
"Too much! too much!" the wretched maiden cry'd,  
O'erwhelm'd in grief, she clos'd her eyes, and dy'd.

June 16.

EDWIN.

#### JULY.

'TIS Summer all! oh! hear me to the scene  
Where sweet Content sits smiling in disguise;  
To sport with thee, O Fancy! through the green,  
And trace out Nature's beauties as they rise.  
With languid heat the sun pursues his race,  
And meets stern Leo with his sultry brow;  
His couriers halting through the circled space,  
He beams prolific heat on all below.  
To seek the nectar of the flow'ry lawns,  
Sagacious instinct! providential store!  
The peopled hives send out their busy swarms,  
The sweets of every blossom to explore.  
The fruitful herbage now invites the scythe,  
And waving bends to meet the mower's sweep;  
The healthy swains in eager contest strive,  
Who works the fastest, or who cuts most deep.  
Rous'd by the early herald of the day,  
Refresh'd with sleep, the lads and lasses wake;  
Quickly array'd, they cheerful bend their way,  
While some their prongs, and some refreshment take.  
Their different stations each respective knows,  
Some turn the herbage, some the haycocks pile;  
Then safe beneath the shade a short repose,  
And healthy meal, give respite to their toil.  
Well pleas'd they toil, till twilight throws her veil  
Of dark'ning tuffet o'er the fading sky,  
When, labor done, all happy homeward haste  
(Singled in pairs) in mutual harmony.

#### HOPE.

WITHIN the mine of Sorrow's boding thought  
What varying sources of affliction rise!  
But Fancy, sitting through the darksome vault,  
Fondly on Hope's sustaining power relies.  
If thou, bright Goddess! with propitious smile,  
Rais'd not the pilgrim's eye to meet thy way,  
His wretched hours, ah! how could he beguile,  
Mark'd by Misfortune's melancholy day.  
Weak are we all, and little us'd to scan  
The cherish'd wish that our bosoms heave;  
For often, when we form some favorite plan,  
'Tis then, alas! Hope takes her sudden leave.

#### EVIL TENDENCY OF NOVELS.

THE following story, extracted from the French press, is a new proof of the fatal effect of those modern romances, which seem intended to break down every check of reason and principle, and give new strength to the violence of unbridled feeling and passion. ROGER, a young officer of artillery in the French service, had conceived a violent attachment to a young lady whose parents did not approve of his address. A novel, entitled, "The Unfortunate Lovers," happened to fall into his hands; he found resemblance in it to his own story, and the fatal catastrophe made an impression on his mind, that hurried him on to despair. For some days he continued to read over the novel repeatedly; some times he threw it aside; and, at last, in a paroxysm of anguish he committed it to the flames. But his feelings were so much agitated to be restored to tranquillity. He ran wildly about the streets, distributing his money among the poor people he met, exhorting them to pray that he might die. At last unable to support his despair any longer, he applied a pistol to his mouth, and put an end to his existence.

#### ROMAN EXTRAVAGANCE.

THE Emperor Heliogabalus surpassed all others in luxury. His upper garments were constantly made of the finest gold or purple, and sometimes almost loaded with diamonds. His shoes were covered with jewels and precious stones; and he never wore one suit of apparel a second time. He usually sat encompassed with the choicest flowers and odoriferous plants, and when other perfumes art could add to nature. Vessels appropriated to the meanest and most filthy uses, were of gold or silver; and all his movables were of the same precious materials. His ponds, where he bathed, were prepared with the richest ointments, and colored with saffron. His bedsteads, tables, and chests were massy silver, so were his caldrons and utensils of the kitchen; and those goods that were in his own view, were engraved with the most lascivious representations that the most debauched fancy could invent.

#### HISTORY OF SILK.

From Alexander's "History of Women."

"IN the year 555, two monks brought from Cerinda, in the East-Indies, to Constantinople, the eggs of some silk-worms which having hatched in a dung-hill, they fed the young insects with mulberry leaves, and by this management they soon multiplied to such a degree, that manufactures of silk were erected at Constantinople, at Athens, at Thebes, and at Corinth.

"In the year 1130, Roger, King of Sicily, brought manufacturers of silk from Greece, and settled them at Palermo, where they taught the Sicilians the art of breeding the silk-worms, and of spinning and weaving the silk. From Sicily, the art was carried over all Italy—from thence to Spain, and from thence to the south of France. In the year 1286, the ladies of some nobleman first appeared in silk mantles, at a splendid ball in England.

"In the year 1620, the art of weaving silk was first introduced in England; and in the year 1719, Lombe's machine for throwing silk, was erected at Derby.—This wonderful piece of mechanism contains 26,586 wheels, the whole of which receive their motion from one wheel that is turned by water. Sometime in the 16th century, Edward the sixth was presented with a pair of silk stockings, which was the first pair that was ever seen in England."

#### HISTORICAL MEMORANDUM.

THE Athenian orators being exasperated against Philip, King of Macedon, took an over-great freedom in misrepresenting his actions, and loading his name with scurrilous and reproachful language; but Philip was so far from resenting or revenging that indignity, that he said, "He was extremely obliged to them; for it put him upon an extraordinary care and circumspection, to demean himself with so much integrity and justice, that his unfulfilled actions might contradict their opprobrious words, and prove them liars."

#### ANECDOTE.

A Brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in an engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, being a man of humor, he could not suppress his joke, saying, "It was high time for him to leave off play, when his last pin was bowled down."



# SONG.

A new-fallen lamb, as mild EMMELINE paff,  
In pity she turn'd to behold,  
How it shiver'd and shrank from the merciless blast,  
Then fell all bequemb'd with the cold.  
She rais'd it, and touch'd by the innocent's fate,  
Its soft form to her bosom she prest;  
But the tender relief was afforded too late,  
It bleated, and died on her breast.  
The moralist then, as the corse she resign'd,  
And, weeping, spring flowers o'er it laid;  
Thus mused—"So it fares with the delicate mind,  
"To the tempests of fortune betray'd."  
"Too tender, like thee, the rude shock to sustain,  
"And deny'd the relief which would save;  
"The lofty and when pity and kindness are vain,  
"Thus we dress the poor sufferer's grave."

# ANECDOTES.

FRANCIS I. King of France, designing to march with his army into Italy, called a council of war, to advise with his officers, which way he should lead his forces over the Alps; which Amaril, the King's fool, overhearing, told them they should rather consult how to bring them back again out of Italy, as being an affair of the greater importance. Well had it been for them if they had taken the fool's wife advice, for scarce a man of them ever saw France again.

Bonnet Thornton, whose nocturnal enjoyments seldom admitted of his rising before noon, was admonished by a grave friend, that a perseverance in those habits would shorten his days. "Very true," replied the wit, "but by the same habits I contrive to lengthen my nights."

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1802.

The exhilarating prospect which the emancipation of the abject children of Africa from the grasp of European avarice, afforded the friend of humanity, is again shrouded by the glooms of renewed woe. West-Indian cruelty has but slumbered for awhile, that it might awaken with renovated fury---and the offspring of calamity, who, for a short season, has banqueted on joy, must return to the soul-fickening draught of slavery.---Man, civilized and enlightened man! who boasts of refinement, and prides himself in his superior endowments, sacrifices with pleasure at the shrine of interest, every distinguishing sentiment.---Visionary refinement!---and was it for this that a ten years war has desolated our globe?---Was the slave instructed to hail the bright dawns of happiness, that his misery might be the more acute? Were the manacles taken from his lacerated body, that he might the more sensibly feel the augmentation of his woe, when the hand of cruelty should rivet them again?---The intoxications of superiority too often mislead the powerful; and the ability to do justice is frequently lost in the consciousness of importance. France, forgetful of the causes of her late struggle, rich in conquests, and elevated to the summit of earthly grandeur, proclaims the sad truth, that power and a riot seldom exist together. We presume, ere this, the horrors of slavery have recommenced, and those unfortunate beings who at the beginning of the Revolution, were declared, by a decree of the National Assembly, to possess the rights and privileges of French citizens, again doomed to servitude. "The project of a decree has been introduced into the Legislative Body of the French Republic, which reduces the blacks in the different French Colonies, to the same state of slavery they were in previous to their enfranchisement in the year '89. It also provides for the opening of the SLAVE TRADE again, that most iniquitous of human transactions. The orator who introduced this law, spoke of the "illusions of liberty and equality," and added, that an equality of rights in the colonies had only produced an equality of unhappiness."

The brig Tiger arrived at this port on Tuesday, in 30 days from Bordeaux.

The French people had not yet given in their votes on the question, "Shall Bonaparte be Consul for life?" But it was expected he would ultimately be elected.

The French Government have prohibited all foreigners from trading to any of their West-India possessions, except St. Domingo.

It is suggested that several of the American frigates are to be ordered to the River Plate, to release the shipping belonging to this country, detained there by order of the Spanish Government. [Boston Gaz.]

# HYDROPHOBIA.

Died, in Packersfield, (N. H.) on the 2d inst. STEPHEN BEARD, son of David Beard, aged 30. On the 18th of February last he was bitten by a mad dog; but the infection lay dormant until the 28th of June, when he began to complain of an uncommon pain in his head and back, and various wandering, spasmodic pains pervaded the thorax, and a sensation of tumefaction about his throat and neck, though no external tumefaction could be discovered. Medical aid was called but to no effect. The symptoms continued to increase; and on the 29th he became very thirsty, and called for water, but could not drink it. These increasing symptoms terrified him exceedingly---sometimes his pulse beat high indicating great inflammation---at other times, very low and depressed, attended with intermissions; his eyes shining and fierce; his visage pale and wan, with a livid spot on each cheek; his tongue of a leaden color, attended with inexpressible anxiety, and tremendous spasmodic stricture of the proecordia; a frothing at the mouth; a difficult respiration; continued horror; and dread of any liquid. He often cautioned his family and bystanders to keep at a distance, lest he should hurt them. Thus the symptoms increased, till Thursday night about 10 or 11 o'clock, July 1st, when a severe paroxysm of canine madness succeeded, and the assistants were obliged to confine him. A succession of paroxysms closed the distressing scene, on Friday morning, July 2d, at 5 o'clock.

Extract of a letter from Halifax in Nova-Scotia, dated, 21st June, 1802.

"We are under hourly trepidation from fires, caused by some vile lurking incendiaries. On Thursday night, Mr. Alexander Allen's new buildings and his old house were entirely consumed; the former was the first that caught, and has lately been occupied by C. Hall; and not any person known to have been in it with any kind of light or fire for several days previous. On Saturday night another alarm was given by Mr. Phillis's barn taking fire, which it is probable was also wilfully caused; luckily there was no wind, and the flames spread no farther. About eight o'clock another fire was luckily discovered in its commencement in a store belonging to Mr. Richardson, adjoining Mr. Harshorne's; a brand of fire had been put through a hole cut for the admission of cats, and burnt through a floor two inches thick, and God knows where it might not have spread but for the providential discovery, which was owing to Mr. Ewen's sending to the store to have it opened for the purpose of airing it, when the smoke led to the detection, and it was instantly extinguished. The inhabitants patrol nightly, and sentinels placed in all the lanes, alleys, &c. who challenge and take up all persons unreasonably out, who cannot give a fair account of themselves. I hope these precautions will lead to a discovery of the villainous perpetrators.---We are all in good health, though as you may suppose, in great perturbation."

# SINGULAR PRESENT.

After the celebrated battle of the Nile, fought on the 1st of August 1798, the Swiftsure, after the action, was busily employed in getting up pieces of the wreck of l'Orient, amongst the rest, a large part of the mainmast was brought on board. Captain, now Admiral, Hallowell, caused a COFFIN to be made of the wood and iron from this mast, with an inscription on the lid; this he presented to Lord Nelson, who received it as a valuable acquisition; and actually intends when his career of terrestrial glory is terminated, to be enclosed in it.

# Novels,

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THE BEGGAR GIRL,  
AND HER BENEFACTORS.  
By Mrs. Bennet.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE:  
A Tale of Truth.---By Mrs. Rowson.

TALE OF THE TIMES,  
By the author of "A Gossip's Story."

DE VALCOURT,  
By Mrs. Bennet.

SPIRIT OF THE CASTLE,  
A Romance.

MAID OF THE HAMLET,  
By Regina M. Roche.

# COURT OF HYMEN.

WHO tastes the fount of lawless love,  
Must hope for happiness no more;  
But doom'd its sharpest pains to prove,  
Shall late, too late, their fault deplore.

# MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last week, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. JAMES GLASS, jun. of this city, aged 17 years, to Miss SALLY RALSTON, of Morristown, New-Jersey, aged 14.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Abbel, Mr. HENRY W. PECKWELL, Printer, to Miss SARAH N. PARKER, both of this city.

At Lansingburgh, Mr. JOHN STEWART, to Miss ELIZA DICKSON.

At Hempstead, (L. I.) Mr. JACOB VAN COTT, to Miss MARY SMITH.

At Trenton, (N. J.) Mr. CLARK WINANS, to Miss BETSEY JONES.

At Philadelphia, Mr. PETER BELL, to Miss HANNAH FORDER; Mr. SAMUEL EVANS, to Miss HANNAH OLFIELD.

# MORTALITY.

The spider's most attenuated thread,  
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie  
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

# DIED,

On Wednesday evening, at Perth-Amboy, NICHOLAS GOUVERNEUR, Esq. President of the Bank of New-York.

Lately at Port-Republican, of the Fever, WILLIAM FURMAN, aged 20, son of Gabriel Furman, Esq. of N. Rochelle.

# CONTENTMENT. A SONNET.

CONTENTMENT, rosy, dimpled fair,  
Thou brightest daughter of the sky,  
Why dost thou to the hut repair,  
And from the gilded palace fly?  
I've trac'd thee on the peasant's cheek;  
I've mark'd thee in the milk-maid's smile;  
I've heard thee loudly laugh and speak,  
Amid the sons of want and toil.  
Yet, in the circles of the great,  
Where Fortune's gifts are all combin'd,  
I've sought thee early, sought thee late,  
And ne'er thy lovely form could find.  
Since, then, from wealth and pomp you flee,  
O, lovely wand'rer! visit me. M.

# A PERSON,

Who has a few hours to spare in the evenings, wishes to teach on the the Forto Piano. He was organist at one of the first churches in Amsterdam. Apply to the printer.

# ROBERT LITTLE,

Informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, at No. 9 Beekman-Slip, the best of London Brown Stout, and Porter, Philadelphia Porter warranted to keep in any climate; New-York Porter; Newark bottled Cider:---Also Claret wine of a superior quality. Cash for empty Bottles. June 19, if

# JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip, THE

Father and Daughter,  
A TALE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

# WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

An Apprentice to a genteel business.---A Youth from 14 to 16 years of age, of reputable connections, and good disposition, may hear of an eligible situation, by applying to the printer of this paper. June 12.

# Bills of Lading, &c.

For sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.



## COURT OF APOLLO.

### ON FEMALE NEATNESS AFTER MARRIAGE.

WHY, CELIA, is your spreading waist  
So loose, so negligently lac'd?  
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide  
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?  
How ill that dress adorns your head,  
Distain'd and rumpled from the bed!  
Those clouds that shade your blooming face  
A little water might displace;  
As Nature every morn bellows  
The crystal dew to cleanse the rose,  
Those tresses, as the raven, black,  
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,  
Uncomb'd and injur'd by neglect,  
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.  
Whence this forgetfulness of dress?  
Pray, madam, are you married?—Yes.  
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,  
No matter now how loose your dress is:  
The end is won, your fortune's made,  
Your sister, now, may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find  
This fault in half the female kind!  
From hence proceeds aversion, strife,  
And all that fours the wedded life.  
Beauty can only point the dart,  
'Tis neatness points it to the heart;  
Let neatness then, and beauty strive  
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.  
'Tis harder far, (you'll find it true)  
To keep the conquest, than subdue;  
Admit us once behind the screen,  
What is there farther to be seen!  
A newer face may raise the flame,  
But every woman is the same.  
Then study chiefly to improve  
The charm that fix'd your husband's love;  
Weigh well his humor—Was it dress  
That gave your beauty power to bless?  
Pursue it still, be neater seen;  
'Tis always fragrant to be clean;  
So shall you keep alive desire,  
And Time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

### MODERN LOVE DITTY.

WHERE Schuykill o'er his rocky bed,  
Roars like a bull in battle,  
In neat log cabin lives a maid,  
Who tends her father's cattle;  
She's every charm of mind and face,  
Young, handsome, gay, and witty,  
And then she rides with such a grace  
With butter to the city.  
Her churns and pails, scour'd white as snow,  
Are plac'd upon the dresser,  
And pewter plates, in many a row,  
Where you might see your face, sir;  
She'll raise the haycock on the mead,  
Or toss it out so pretty,  
Or, mounted on old Grey, will speed  
With butter to the city.  
To see her panting o'er her churn,  
With charms so flush'd and glowing,  
Would make a hermit's bosom burn,  
His frozen blood set flowing;  
But all the lads their arts have try'd  
In vain to move her pity;  
She jeers, then mounts old Grey, to ride  
With butter to the city.  
Ah me! tho' us'd to stir my stumps,  
My cart I scarce can follow,  
And, sharing in his master's dumps,  
Not Dobbin minds my hallo.  
O! could I make this lass my bride,  
Could I but marry KITTY,  
Together in my cart we'd ride  
With butter to the city.

### REMARK.

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty and innocence; without which beauty is ungraceful, and quality contemptible.

## MORALIST.

TRUE gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants; and from just views of the condition, and the duty of man. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents; which feels for every thing that is human; and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanor; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others; breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation; administers reproof with tenderness; confers favors with ease and modesty. It is unassumed in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles; is slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but prompt to allay dissension, and to restore peace. It delights, above all things, to alleviate distress; and if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to soothe at least the grieving heart. Where it has not the power of being useful, it is never burdensome. It seeks to please rather than to shine and dazzle; and conceals, with care, that superiority either of talents, or of rank, which is oppressive to those who are beneath it. In a word, it is that spirit and that tenor of manners, which the gospel of Christ enjoins, when it commands us "to bear one another's burdens; to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those that weep; to please every one his neighbor for his good; to be kind and tender hearted; to be pitiful and courteous; to support the weak; and to be patient towards all men."

### H. CARITAT'S

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No. 1 of the CITY HOTEL, BROADWAY,

In order to accommodate the subscribers, or those who would wish to become so, the present moderate terms are offered to them:

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N. B. Large editions of new and valuable books, either useful or entertaining, in English and French, have just been made to the said Library from the last importations.

June 26. 13

### HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworms, Tan Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose Neck or Arms, and Prickly Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

#### DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurfy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. Feb. 6.

### Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the most eminent of the faculty to be infinitely superior to any other Lotion that ever has been used, for smoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent restorative for removing and entirely eradicating the destructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Those who through inadvertency make too free use of those artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the most happy effects from using GARDNER'S LOTION, as it will restore the skin to its pristine beauty, and even increase its lustre. It expeditiously and effectually clears the skin from every description of blemishes, pimples, ringworms, tetter and prickly heat. A continued trial of the most satisfactory experience, has fully proved its super-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, sun-burns, redness of the neck and arms, &c. and restoring the skin to its wonted purity. In short, it is the only cosmetic a lady can use at her toilette with ease and safety, or that a gentleman can have recourse to, when shaving has become a troublesome operation, by reason of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and sold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medical Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John C. Schuch's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do. also at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price—pints 1 dollar 25 cents—half pints 75 cents. May 22d, am.

### ACADEMY.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers, and the public in general, that he has employed Mr. ARTHUR GARDNER to teach with him in his Academy, No. 1 Fishers-street, second door from Bowery Lane, a little north from the New Watch house, a commodious airy and healthy situation. Mr. GARDNER has been regularly educated at the College in Providence, State of Rhode-Island, and has with him credentials sufficient to satisfy any one relative to his morals and literary qualifications. At the said Academy will be taught the various branches of English Literature with accuracy; also, the rudiments of the Latin and Greek Languages. The strictest attention paid to order, morality and civil deportment of the pupils; and hope by their assiduous endeavors to merit a reasonable degree of public patronage. The prices for tuition are as follows:

Per quarter for spelling and reading, 2 dollars; reading and writing 2 1-2 do. writing and arithmetic, 3 do. English grammar and art of speaking 4 do. geometry and trigonometry 5 do. surveying 5 do. Latin and Greek languages 6 do.

The Subscriber also wishes to inform that he teaches the Art of Penmanship upon a late systemized plan, and professes to learn any person to write an eligible fair hand, large and small, in three months, they paying strict attention, or he will exact no pay. He will attend on writers, and give lessons at their own houses, or at the Academy above-mentioned. W. D. LAZELL.

NB. A Morning and Evening School is now open, and will be attended at the said Academy, from 6 to 8 o'clock in the morning, and from 5 to 7 in the afternoon, for the purpose of teaching the above branches, or any of them.

### FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX, The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chapped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy—this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Stropps of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swandown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

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